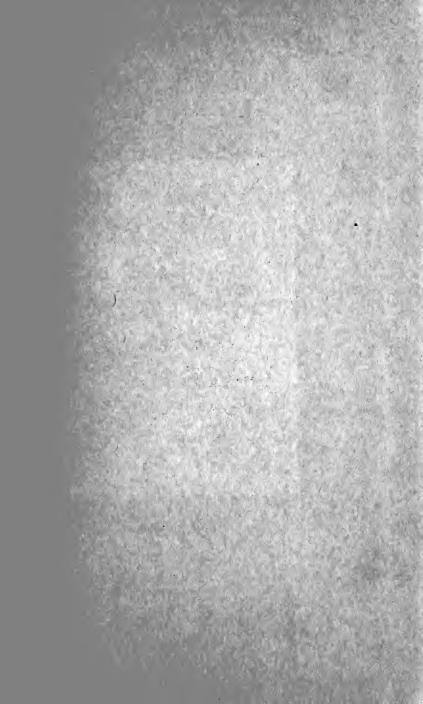


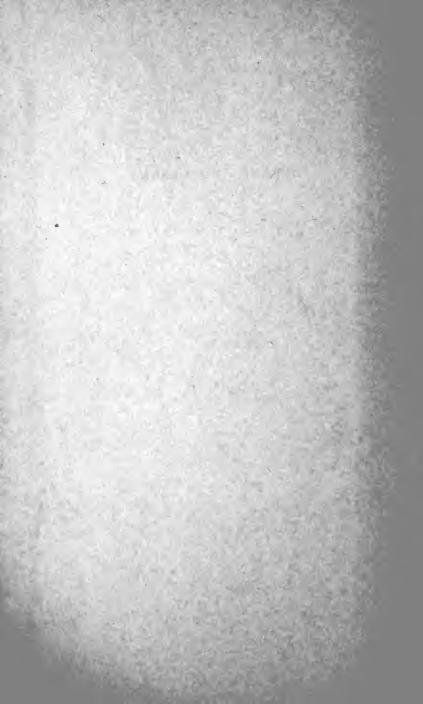


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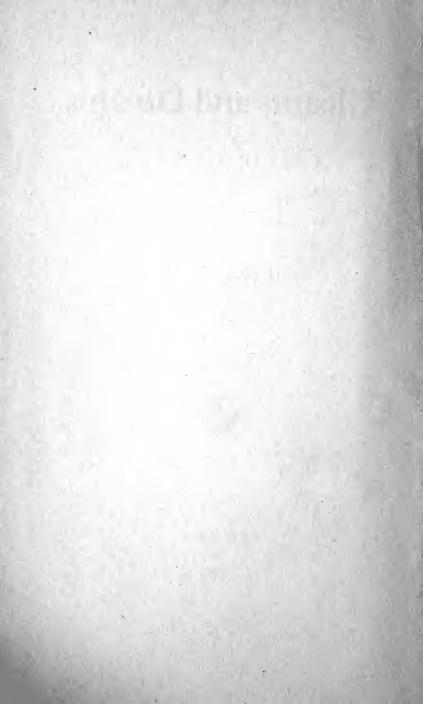
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GLEAMS AND DREAMS



Gleams and Dreams

A BOOK OF VERSE

 $\mathbf{B}\mathbf{y}$

REUBEN GOLDSMITH



NEW YORK
JAMES T. WHITE & CO.
1918



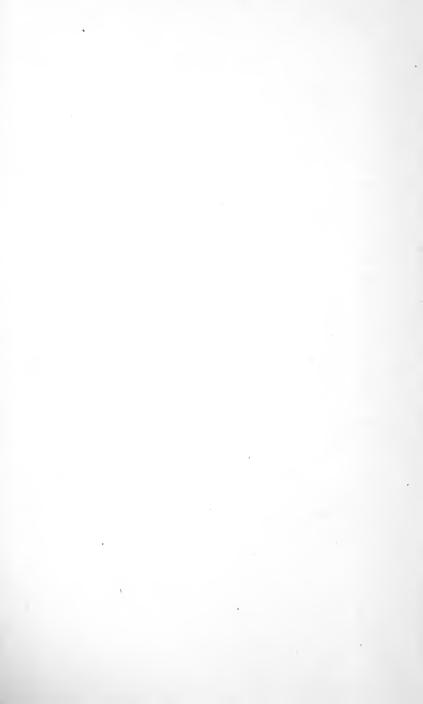
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DEDICATION



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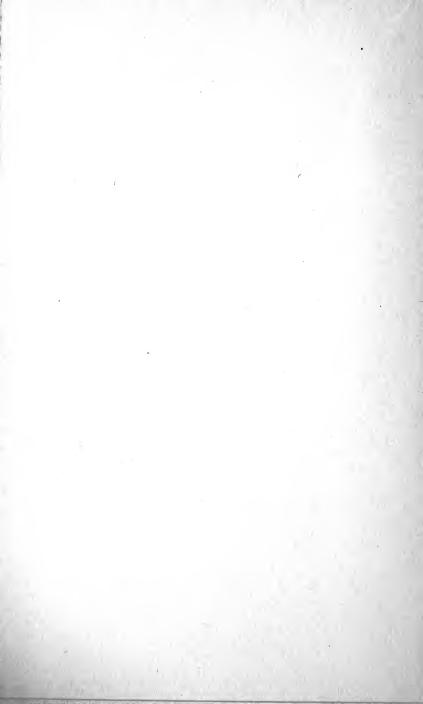
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GLEAMS AND DREAMS

SALUTATION

WHO pass my well,
Pray pause and freely drink;
Enter my cell,
Refresh the soul—and think.

A PRAYER

Somewhere across the infested sea,
Serving the cause of liberty,
Dear Lord, is my brave son.
I know not how he fares tonight,
But keep him ever in Thy sight,
For I have but the one!

Thou gavest two to bless my life,

But one fell early in the strife—

My first-begotten son.

He with his comrades marched away,

And then a message came one day. . . .

Dear Lord, I have but one.

Then, while so sorrowed and bereft,

Though only he to me was left,

I could not say him nay,

Who urged that duty bade him go—

His country called, he said, and so,

How could I bid him stay?

But, O dear Lord, 'tis hard to bear,
With not another child to share
The hearth when day is done.
I can but kneel to Thee and pray:

Be with him through the hellish fray

And keep Thou safe my son!

I know the cause is good and true—
I know that suffering must ensue
Before the fight is won.
Yet bear with me, O Lord, this night;
Be Thou my solace in my plight,
And guard my only son!

September, 1917

SUMMER MORN

MYRIAD are the charms of morning
As the sun peeps o'er the hill,
And the thrush salutes the dawning
With his rapturous strain and trill;
Earth is beamy in her gladness
When the great awakening light,
Dissipating gloom and sadness,
Wrests the scepter from the night.

Waste not such an hour in dreaming!
Rather with light footstep turn
Where the limpid drop is gleaming
On the flower and on the fern;
Where the leafy boughs are swaying
In the fragrant morning air,
And the scented wind is saying
Its diurnal matin prayer.

There upon the dew-decked altar
Pour the passion of the soul;
Be not niggardly nor palter,
Lest you offer not the whole;
There amid the regnant beauty,
There upon the jeweled sward,
In acknowledgment and duty
Breathe your thankfulness to God!

ON THE HEIGHTS

THIS was my dream: In a green and fertile valley I lay somnolent in the shade-While the mountains towered above me. And an Angel appeared and said: "Arise! Go forth! On the wings of Aspiration Soar to the heights! Mount-mount-to where is God!" Forthwith I arose and began the ascent, But slowly-painfully-My unaccustomed limbs so soon fatigued. Yet in due course I stood on a spur of the mountain Peering and peering for God. But about and above me The crags were sheer and high; And the mists of the valley Rose even to where I stood And obscured my vision. I seemed to feel the presence of God, And yet I failed to find Him. . . . Then again the Angel appeared, and said: "Thou wouldst know God-Then mount—mount to the uppermost peak."...

So again I pursued the path. But now I was strong and free; My limbs bore me with assurance and ease; And, improving my pace, I strode eagerly onward. Thus I drew nearer to God; But, striving to scale the utmost height, I stumbled and fell. Yet there and then, as I fell, Was God revealed to me. There, on the ledge where fallen I lay, There, in the ambient atmosphere of truth, I came to know God and His purpose. And then I knew why Man In all the years, Through ages and ages, Must climb-and climb-and climb.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STRIFE

THOU, America! Thou Titan of the modern world; Whose flag the hand of Justice has unfurled In East and West, to safeguard human liberty! Awake! Awake! Proud land. Arouse! Shake off this lethargy! The Peril of the Ages, with distorted face And eves ablaze with hate, Frowns down on thee! And lest thou vet should hesitate, I bid thee see, with visioned eyes-'Neath Europe's erstwhile sunny skies-Where stands the Beast of ravenous maw. With dripping lip and reeking jaw, On the mangled forms of Treaty, and of Law-While in the annual cycle's two-fold flight-Through doleful day and hideous night-A million souls have been released To feed the maw of the rapacious beast Which hungers yet; and over all the pall of murk. Where in the water's depths yet lurk Those deadly denizens, whose belching breath O'erwhelmed our babes and women in an avalanche of death:

And doomed brave men-not men arrayed

In serried ranks—in the accoutrement of war, Who eager seek the battle that may make or mar— Bnt men who, unafraid,

Pursued the paths of peace, or plied their peaceful trade,

Unknowing that foul Murder stalked abroad!

Now raise thine eyes aloft! See where the flaming sword

Sweeps far and wide amidst the clouds! See where they pierce

The azure of the skies with monsters fierce—
Leviathans of the air—great ships that sail!
But e'en their distant sight makes children wail;
For not in commerce do they wing their flight,
Fell purpose theirs to add to human plight.
They hurl the thunderbolts of war
Upon the peaceful hamlet as they soar;
Upon the suckling babes that nestling rest,
So seemingly secure, upon the mother's breast.
They rob the humble plodder of a life
That e'er knew peace, and ne'er engaged in strife.
O thou, America, Awake! Arouse! Prepare!
The Spirit of the Strife is regnant in the air!

April, 1916

A CHILD TO HER DOLL

AM sending you, Dolly, abroad today,
On a visit to God up on high;
And I'll tell you, dear Dolly, what you are to say,
When you meet the dear Lord in the sky.

From your pink little toes to your bright sunny locks,
In your prettiest things you are dressed,

While on soft cushioned satin you lie in your box, With your hands meekly crossed on your breast.

For you know that's how Mother sent Brother away, When he went on his visit to God;

'Cause I peeked, and I saw where so cozy he lay Fast asleep in the Dreamland of Nod.

But I don't understand what detains him so long, And I'm lonesome while he is away;

Oh! I wonder if anything can have gone wrong,
For I never supposed he would stay.

So I'm sending you, Dolly. Please hurry back soon, And be sure to bring Brother with you;

For dear Mother was weeping at table this noon, And he wouldn't like that—if he knew. Tell the Lord, little Dolly, that Mother is sad,
And that Father is worrying, too,
And then say we will all be so thankful and glad,
When He sends back dear Brother with you.

ALONE

SPENT and exhausted by my toil, but still
Determined at no meaner place to rest,
I dragged my weary footsteps up the hill,
And gained at last the breezy sun-lit crest.

But having passed my friends upon the way,
(My best-beloved were ne'er to climbing prone)
The lengthening shadows of declining day
Play round me on the hilltop—all alone.

VAGRANT THOUGHTS

VAGRANT thoughts of youth, that freely rove Where fancy's fairest tapestries are wove! When, all unfettered of the gyves of time, With worlds to win, and lofty heights to climb, Gaily we sally through the Eastern Gate, What raptures rouse us and what hopes elate!

But with the noonday spent, our thoughts in flight To retrospect incline, and oft alight Where, from the tomb of many an earlier year, Familiar phantoms of the past appear; And oft, in reverie deep, they linger, while A sigh escapes us, or perchance, we smile.

WOULD THAT IT WERE EQUITY!

A S the beneficent sun upon our sphere
Sheds its refulgent light,
Making the earth a garden, else so drear
With cold, perennial night,
So where, in shadow deep, Distress and Want
With hideous visage lurk,
Fair Charity full oft illumes the haunt,
And dissipates the murk.

As the warm blanket of the winter snows

Nurtures the seed that is sown,

And generous shelter on the glebe bestows

That ripe grain may be grown,

So Charity her mantle has far spread

Over suffering and dearth;

Yet would that it were Equity instead,

That ministered on earth!

FROM ELFIN LIPS

SWEET Sunny-curls, in slumber garments drest, Sat on my knee, and nestling to my breast, Showed me his booklet, where the page portrayed A weird, lank figure, in loose robe arrayed, With glass and scythe, and beard as white as rime; Then, lisping, asked, "How old is Father Time?"

I pressed him to my heart—nor made reply— While, as he prattled, time went swiftly by. Soon Nurse appeared, a fond "Good-night" was said, And Sunny-curls then toddled off to bed. But I sat dreaming till the midnight chime; My pregnant theme, "How old is Father Time?"

GOD'S FACE

A Nocturne of Childhood

WHILE the gleaming eyes of night
Are bent on me,
In their benignant light
God's face I see.

If with a sense of shame
I cast mine down,
God knows that I'm to blame,
And seems to frown.

But when they note no trace Of present guile, They twinkle, and God's face Appears to smile!

I NEVER KNEW

I NEVER knew that earth was half so fair
Till, happily, you gave me eyes that see;
Of love's rich blessing I was unaware
Until your love laid bare the rune to me.

I never thought an Eden, here, to win;
Such bliss I deemed reserved for heaven above,
Until you oped the gate and let me in
To the Elysian Garden of your love!

A VETERAN SUBSCRIBES

I'VE written to the Treasury
At Washington, D. C.
And entered my subscription to
The Loan of Liberty.
Five hundred dollars isn't much,
But then it's all I own,
And every man should do his share
To help along the Loan.

I'm sorry I can do no more,
I'm much too old to fight;
The youngsters now must take the field
To battle for the Right.
But we who served the Stars and Stripes
When Lincoln called for men,
Can draw our checks to Uncle Sam,
And thus can serve again.

Now let me add another word;
Don't think that I'm a fool,
For when a lad I learned, at least,
To "figger" well at school.
My dear old dad bought U. S. bonds
And never came to harm,
For when the Civil War was closed,
His profits bought the farm.

So while I am a patriot,
And wouldn't shirk a loss—

If Uncle Sam just needed help
I'd do my "bit," of course;

But since no losses can accrue,
And profits may be shown,
I'm doubly glad to draw my check
For Uncle Sam's new Loan.

May, 1917

HAPPINESS

Nor what we lend,
Nor what we crave,
Nor what we spend,
Nor what we save.
Some who lament
Have much to bless;
Let's be content—
That's happiness!

THE MYSTIC RUNE

WHEN blow the North winds bleak,
When life with sorrow is strewn,
With vision ever blurred and weak
We pore the Mystic Rune.

Whenever the flickering light
Is snuffed by Fate's decree,
And a spirit, with reluctant flight,
Soars into eternity;

And a loved one, quick and warm,

Lies cold as modeled clay,

Beside the pale, encoffined form

We ponder and we pray.

We ponder and we pray;
We peer into the mist,
And to the tomb commit the clay
God's angel, Death, has kissed.

Soon grief its solace finds,

And to earth again we are wed;

For summer comes with its lulling winds—

But the Rune remains unread.

HAIL, AMERICA!

Ι

Hail, America, the West land!
Sovereign power of the free!
Hail, O nation of the blest land,
Where enshrined is Liberty!
In the hearts of thy proud people
Is the flush of Freedom's flame.
Chime, O bells! From tower and steeple
Peal Democracy's acclaim!

Π

Thy domain knows none who winces
Under acts of tyranny;
Equal-born, all men are princes—
Is the gospel spread by thee.
Lo! the torch thy fathers lighted
Sheds its radiance o'er the world;
By its flame has wrong been righted—
From his throne the despot hurled.

III

Hear, oh! hear, the glad hosannas— Freedom's voices raised in song; Proudly waving are thy banners

Where the hosts of Freedom throng.

Long mayst thou, with firm devotion,

Guide aright Democracy!

Prosper thou on land and ocean,

Ever guarding liberty!

June, 1917

NOCTURNE

PEERED into the spangled night,
And every gleaming star
Conveyed to me on beams of light
A message from afar.

As though it were the spoken word,
In utterance clear and terse;
I listened, and as plainly heard,
"God rules the universe."

But what about the War's alarms,
The shambles of brave men,
And twenty nations up in arms?
Then I listened once again.

"So children question remedies
Which noxious ills disperse,
And save from greater agonies.
God rules the universe."

May, 1918

THE IDES OF APRIL, 1918

BUT yesterday the trees were blossoming,
And the balmy air betokened vernal promise,
While on the fences, slow meandering,
Our Pussy flirted with the neighboring Thomas.
I, never dreaming that today would bring
A sharp reminder of December weather,
Enjoyed the happy advent of the spring,
Forgetful of the winter altogether.

But now 'tis 8 A.M.—the winds are blowing,
And overhead there lowers a leaden sky.

To my surprise I find it has been snowing;
Without an icy mantle greets the eye.

And, as I gaze about me, heavy hearted,
A spectre grim once more afflicts my soul;

Again the furnace fire must now be started;
And in the bin there's not a pound of coal.

VISITORS

DULL CARE, I declare
I would you were afar.
With your countenance of rue
And your garb of somber hue,
Who would wish to welcome you?
What a bore you are!

CHEERINESS, I confess
I am grateful for your visit;
Care is such a woeful wight,
When he saw your smile so bright,
Off he went to my delight.
Not a bad world, is it?

THE ISLANDS OF THE SKY

WHEN I was but a little lad,
I oft in fancy free
Went voyaging among the isles
That nestled in the sea;
On many a golden summer day,
When no one else was nigh,
I sailed my boat of dreams among
The islands of the sky.

Though that was many years ago,
And much has happened since,
And mingled with our joys I've learned
There's much that makes us wince,
Yet now, as then, I dream sweet dreams;
And some day, by and by,
I hope to sail my ship among
The islands of the sky.

LOVE NESTLES DEEP

SOME picture Love as a thing apart, Yet it nestles deep in every heart; A zephyr touch, and Love's astir In the heart of him and the heart of her!

THE COUNTERFEIT

STILL men confuse the efflux from above
With a passion which arouses heaven's ire,
Mistaking for the purity of Love,
The base, ignoble counterfeit, Desire.

THE WORLD'S A STAGE

They were playing
A GREAT TRAGEDY—
"The Most Stupendous Spectacle
Ever Presented On Any Stage;
With a Stellar Cast Unrivaled In
The History Of The World!".
So said the program.
I looked about me.
The audience was the largest I had ever known.
The play was on.
The scene was France.
What realism!

And the maiming

And the killing!

Distressful—unbearably distressful!

I longed to leave, but lacked the power to move.

With averted eyes, anxiously I awaited the ending.

Would the curtain never drop?

At last . . . it is over . . . the audience is dispersing.

In the foyer

I read the flaring announcement:—
"Next Week—The World's Greatest Production!
The Acme Of Creative Art!
The Quintessence Of Melodrama!
Entitled,
THE WORLD AT PEACE."
Then I awoke.

June, 1918

DEMOCRACY HUMBLED*

THE edict has gone forth.

And blatantly it is announced
That naught of power exists on earth
To stay its execution save but this:
"A satisfactory settlement."
In other words, it cannot be,
But yet it will be if, forsooth,
The people of this hundred-millon land—
Their Congressmen and Senators of States,
Together with the nation's President—
Shall "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,"
And with obeisance low shall humbly yield
To the demands of labor's chiefs post-haste,
Nor pause for due deliberation.

Alas! how are the mighty fallen!
But yesterday 'twas our proud boast
That in our well-beloved land
One hundred million freeman held
A heritage, which their forebears
Had fought so valiantly to attain.

^{*}While Congress was considering the "Adamson Bill" and the President was in conference with the Brotherhood Chiefs, a secret strike order was issued by the latter which threatened to tie up every railroad in the United States.

Today, by fourfold brotherhoods betrayed, Whose cause, if pled at arbitration's bar Might have evoked the nation's sympathy, Democracy lies humbled in the dust.

September, 1916

THE PROFITEER

WHO is it, while we are waging war,
Finds opportunity galore
For piling pelf as never before?

The Profiteer.

Who is it that has goods to sell
And boosts the prices up like—well,
As high as hangs the old church bell?
The Profiteer.

Whose love of Country is intense?—
For what it yields in pounds and pence.
But not in any other sense—
The Profiteer.

And who, since Honor is at stake,
For God and Country arms will take
And every sacrifice will make,
The Profiteer???

March, 1918

REGRET

WHEN in our musing moments we rehearse
The parts we played for better or for worse;
When, summoned forth by memory's magic wand,
The Years, long sepulchred, at once respond.

When, as the phantom pageant passes by, Pale forms appear, unpleasing to the eye; When with distress some moments we recall: It proves that we are human—that is all.

STILL NATURE SMILES

THE twittering dawn of summer,
The gold-flecked evening light,
And winter's vestal vestment
When the landscape's hung with white;
The revelry of Springtime,
In blossom, bud and flower;
The brown and russet vista
In the late-October hour;
The glen and lake and mountain,
The ocean's shell-decked shore—
Still Nature smiles and beckons us,
Although we are at war!

THEIR DREAMS CAME TRUE

SHE dreamt of a lover, whose heart within Was crystal-clear and free from sin; He dreamt of a maid, whose witching smile Mirrored a mind that knew no guile.

And then they awakened to days of rue? Nay, Mr. Cynic, their dreams came true.

THE CARBONIFEROUS AGE

THE silver thread said zero to the tube
While Boreas played his mad, fantastic pranks
On muffled folk, who, on their business bent,
Had ventured forth despite his frigid sway;
And I was glad to be ensconced indoors.

Our swarthy furnaceman—he whom we share In common with our neighbors, six or more—Had "Gotta too moocha wuk"; hence I assumed The task of feeding the omnivorous maw Whose appetite must now be well appeased.

While so employed somehow my mind recurred To several tomes, wherein geologists
Set forth the progress of the infant earth;
And, spanning all the intervening years,
I seemed to glimpse the Carboniferous Age.

Red, green, and gold, primeval plant and reed, Kissed by the tropic sun to monstrous size, In wild profusion flourished on the fen, Where lived the Dinosaur his reptile life, That to the modern world bequeathed his bones. Thus visioning, I heaped upon the flame
The moulded flora of that early day,
Transformed by Time to glistening anthracite;
Nay more; perchance immingled with the mass,
The dust of creatures from whom Man evolved.

AT THE DEATH-BED OF A FRIEND

A S dipped the sun into the deep Beyond the gold-fringed west,
He fell profoundly into sleep,
And passed away to rest.

Then, as 'tis writ in Holy Word,
Our ancient prayer arose,
And I thought his lingering spirit heard,
And echoed it.—Who knows?

SEVEN TYPES

THERE'S the man with a heart, large and tender,
Who will freely contribute his share.
There's another whose means are but slender.

Yet with ever a dollar to spare.

And again, there's the man fortune smiled on, Who is thankful he's able to give.

There's the fellow misfortune has piled on And who needs our assistance to live.

There's the man who while giving begrudges What your effort extracts from his purse;

Who, unless all opinion misjudges,

Fully thrice the amount should disburse.

There's the man, while your plea he's denying, Who remarks, "I am doing so much";

But you know very well he is lying,

And is merely evading your "touch."

Then there's one who is scarce worth our mention— Of a make-up so flinty and small;

To the needy he pays no attention: He's the man who gives nothing at all.

LOVE-LIGHT

SOMETHING I saw, full-mirrored in your eyes,
That swift your drooping lashes hid from view,
And, certitude displacing sweet surmise,
I knew you loved me, Dear; at last I knew!

Something I saw, full-mirrored in your eyes,

That thrilled me with an ecstacy of bliss,
And sped me, Sweetheart, into paradise

Upon the wings of our betrothal kiss!

ON AN ANNIVERSARY

THE sweet communion during many a year
With one who truly shares our woe and weal,
From whom nor joy nor sorrow we conceal,
Whose truth and loyalty we never fear—
In whose too partial view we e'er appear
Worthier than our just deserts reveal:
Is there in life another joy so real?
Is there a tie deservedly so dear?

How blest is he, how richly he endowed—
Whatever his condition or estate—
To whom the Fates propitious have allowed
A loyal, loving and contented mate!
However humble, yet may he be proud
As any king within his palace gate.

TWO PICTURES

Ι

A CROESUS entertained one day, and on his sumptuous board

Were spread the choicest viands that the markets could afford.

He banqueted a host of friends, and then to what remained

The servants of the house sat down with eagerness unfeigned.

And after they had eaten all that they could well endure,

The master ordered that the rest be given to the poor.

II

Meanwhile in an old tenement not very far away A pallid woman and her babe upon a pallet lay.

When one almost as poor as she came tapping at the door,

And gently placed beside the cot the steaming tray she bore,

- Remarking as she set it down, "We haven't a great deal,
- But we are glad to share with you our simple evening meal."

III

- Perchance it may be helpful if these pictures be compared:
- The one, entitled "Charity"—the other, "Supper Shared"!

ANACHRONISMS

STILL Bigotry, to Darkness wed,
Pollutes the human heart;
Still Prejudice, by Error bred,
Plays its vindictive part.

LOVE IS IMMORTAL

A VAUNT! ye cynics, who surmise
That Love's a flower that droops and dies;
An effluence from Heaven's own portal—
The breath divine, is Love immortal!

FOUND HER OUT

HE called upon his "lady friend,"
And found her out.

Learning what she did not intend
He ever should,
Nor dreamed he would,
He found her out!

THE CONCRETE MACHINE

WHERE winds a sinuous stream of tangled travel,
As multi-thousands daily go and come,
An engine with a huge revolving drum
Was mixing sand, cement and stone and gravel.

And, pausing there awhile in contemplation—
For it appeared symbolic of today—
I thought I heard the raucous cog-wheels say,
"So builded we a great and glorious nation."

ROSETTA AT THE PLAY

ROSETTA'S a demure young maid;
And on a recent day
We thought it meet, just as a treat,
To take her to the play.

We chose the one where there's such fun
With animals and things,
And angels fair float in the air—
Or seem to float—on wings.

As it befell, I ought to tell,

Her début at the play

Was made when she turned five—you see
'Twas on that very day.

Now quite spellbound she looked around At all the people there; But when, amazed, her eyes were raised And saw the masses where,

Perched up so high in balcony,
They, too, enjoyed themselves,
She whispered small, "Oh, look at all
The people on the shelves!"

So cutely said, I fain would spread Her words amongst the elves, Who some day may see at the play, "The people on the shelves."

THE SYMPOSIUM

CRAVING indulgence, may my Muse record
Some views expressed around a festive board?

The hostess said:

"Where strewn along the strand They lie that lacked but a restraining hand Are many piteous forms, who would, perchance, Have graced fair hearths in sunnier circumstance."

Quoth Mrs. Harsh:

"We scarce should pity them; In justice to ourselves we must condemn."

Then Grandma Candor said:

"I really think They are but few who never neared the brink; Those most of beauty, health and wit possessed, Mayhap approach more closely than the rest."

And Mrs. Kind remarked:

"Some misbehave In ignorance, and find a nameless grave, Because untutored till too late to save." Miss Prude replied:

"The still, small voice within Is then unheeded, else they would not sin; However saints and ministers may prate, We should be firm and naught extenuate."

And soon a general buzz and din arose; What one advanced another would oppose.

Then Mrs. Meek exclaimed:

"Save for His care Would every one of us be lying there."

And lest you think her words provoked a riot, I haste to add, they all grew strangely quiet.

UPON THIS TEEMING SPHERE

PON this teeming sphere
Each one may play his part;
A simple word of cheer
May ease an aching heart.

One act of kindness may
Attest to Heaven our worth
And justify the day
Accorded us on earth.

But all we might have done
Which retrospect recalls,
Can bless and brighten none
When the deep shadow falls.

THE SEASON SISTERS

CONSIDERING the Seasons,
When each in turn is weighed,
I find them all alluring
With their chiefest charms displayed!

Her face suffused with blushes,
I love Miss Summer quite,
Yet there's no fairer picture
Than Miss Winter decked in white.

Bewitching is Miss Springtime
When reveling in her flowers;
And glorious are the vistas
Of Miss Autumn's russet hours.

I love the Season Sisters,
And delight when they're arrayed
In their very best apparel—
With their chiefest charms displayed!

THE ROAD TO RUE

TO view with envious eyes
What other men possess—
Oh! not in that direction lies
The way to Happiness.

But all experience shows

The contrary is true,

And many a chastened mortal knows

There lies the road to Rue.

A PRECEPT

B^E temperate in habit,
Moderate in desire,
Modest in expectation,
Humble in thought;
And covet nothing
But the Truth!

THE BIRDIE-BOAT

THE Birdie-boat! The Birdie-boat!
With its woven wings and its purring note
It was swiftly skimming the flooding tide
When a tiny toddler who saw it, cried,
"O Birdie-boat! O Birdie-boat!"

The Birdie-boat! The Birdie-boat! How it covers the wave with a foamy coat! Now, spurning the waters, it climbs so high That it soon is a speck on the azure sky:

O Birdie-boat! O Birdie-boat!

The Birdie-boat! The Birdie-boat!

Now down from aloft and again afloat.

So swiftly it sails and so freely it flies—

A boat on the waves and a bird in the skies:

O Birdie-boat! O Birdie-boat!

AT THE SHRINE

To revel in the beautiful of earth,
And find in all at least a trace of worth;
Discover and in grateful song rehearse
The glories of the wondrous universe;
Appreciate and with consummate art
Stir the emotions of the human heart,
Drawing the strings of Poesy's sweet lyre,
As lovers do, with eager soul afire;
Then basking in a luxury of lays,
With ear inclined to catch the notes of praise:
Thus to the Muse full many a soul aspires
Who neither fame nor fortune so acquires,
Yet gains a guerdon which is oft unguessed;
Who dreams great dreams is never all unblessed.

A WISH

OH! would that with the cleric strife
Of dogma, rite and creed,
Mankind were not so much concerned,
But that men more would heed

The precepts of benevolence,
And find in love the leaven
That glorifies the soul of man,
Uplifting it to heaven!

WHEN ALL THE WORLD'S AWRY

When all the world's awry,
Yet smiling faces greet our sight
As other folk go by.

When for the burden that we bear
No recompense we see,
Let's ask ourselves ere we despair,
Is the fault with you and me?

THE LIBERTY LOAN

BUY! Buy! Buy!

To back up our boys at the front!

And buy—buy—buy,

It is they that are bearing the brunt.

Whatever the sum you advance,

Though large or small it be,

It will help maintain our troops in France

And will speed the victory.

Buy! Buy! Buy!
For the glory of our land!
And buy—buy—buy,
To show just where you stand.
Oh! many are breasting the foam
Where the belching monsters lurk,
While we who are safe and snug at home
Are going about our work.

Then let us remember at least—
We that have money to give,
That our boys are battling with the Beast,
That in freedom we may live.

So buy—buy—buy,
To the fullest extent of your purse;
For every Liberty Bond you buy
Is a blow at the Teuton curse!

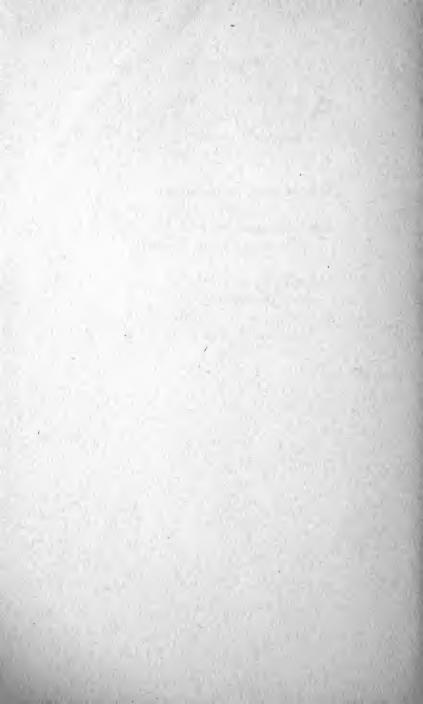
April, 1918

PEN AND TONGUE

THERE'S a poisoned and virulent Pen
That meditates deeply, and then
Its words sear the paper,
And lo! there's a vapor
Arises like fog from a fen.
O men! Again!
Beware of the Virulent Pen!

And beware of the scandalous Tongue, Even though in a fair head 'tis hung! Unsparing and callous,
In cot and in palace
Full many a heart has been wrung—
Been wrung and stung
By a Filthy and Scandalous Tongue!

A WAR CYCLE



AT LAST

A T last the die is cast,
The signal fires burn,
The Rubicon is passed,
And every face is stern.

Now fluttering to the breeze

The flag adorns the height—
For freedom of the seas,

To curb the Kaiser's might!

Nor shall the flag be furled
Until Democracy
Is safe for all the world—
And every people free!

April 6, 1917

SONG OF THE WAR

ONE hundred million freemen
Have risen in their might—
One hundred million freemen
To battle for the Right.
And here on Freedom's altar,
Where Freedom's fight was won,
We vow we shall not falter
Until our task is done.

Hark! Uncle Sam is calling
His loyal sons and true;
Yes, Uncle Sam is calling
And that means me and you.
Then let us up and answer
With spirit strong and free,
"I'll do whate'er I can, Sir,
For God and Liberty!"

One hundred million freemen
With starry flag unfurled—
One hundred million freemen
To liberate the world.
With every allied nation
Whose cause is Liberty,
In bonds of close relation
Until the world is free.

One hundred million freemen
To serve Democracy—
One hundred million freemen
Who spurn Autocracy.
And, by the love we cherish
For the land of Freedom's birth,
Autocracy shall perish,
And Freedom reign on earth.

April 10, 1917

THE WRAITH OF WASHINGTON

METHOUGHT I saw with visioned eyes
An apparition fair,
And, as I peered, to my surprise,
Lo! Washington was there.

Benign his countenance and bland, Though searching was his eye, As he surveyed his well-loved land From where he stood on high.

He saw the hurrying hosts that pressed,
As, gathering in array,
From North and East and South and West
They came to join the fray.

He saw the artisans of skill— Our nation's pride and prop— Toiling at whirring lathe and drill In factory and shop.

He saw the fiery furnace stacks,
And the molten mass of steel,
And the throngs that bent their naked backs
To serve their country's weal.

He saw the men behind the plow Plodding without acclaim, Yet rendering loyal service now With a patriotic flame.

And he seemed to note with a special pride,
That bordered on delight,
That our ship-yards had been multiplied
By the magic of a night.

I cried, "O Spirit, well we know
That our task has but begun";
And I heard a whisper soft and low,
"My country, 'tis well done."

May, 1917

DOWN FIFTH AVENUE

THICK as stubble in the wheat field
When the harvest task is done,
Brightly flash the gleaming bayonets
In the torrid August sun.

Khaki-clad and straight and stalwart,
Five-and-twenty thousand strong,
With a brisk and rhythmic footstep
New York's dough-boys march along.

From the crowded street and casement Echo ever cheer on cheer— Here and there a dainty kerchief Brushes off a furtive tear.

By my side a Spartan mother

Lets no single sign betray—
'Tis a righteous cause and holy,

And her boy is on the way!

in a

August, 1917

THE WAR SUFFERERS

OUT of the blackness of Europa's night,
What cries are these that loud our ears assail?
O Brothers, they are born of Israel's plight!
From anguished hearts is wrung the bitter tale,

Which tells of suffering, misery and dearth—
Such throes of women, children and old men
As history ne'er recorded of the earth,
And, by God's grace, shall ne'er record again!

To us our kindred cry, as Jews to Jews,
Invoking ties that bind true brothers fast—
The memories of our common, ancient rues,
The heritage of Israel's glorious past.

Oh! let it not be said in terms of truth,

That Israel's ears are deaf to Israel's woes;

Nor that a brother's voice, beseeching ruth,

In Israel's camp unanswered ever goes.

November, 1917

THE SONG OF THE VOLUNTEER

(After Macaulay's Horatius)

To every son of mortal
Death comes or soon or late,
So when the voice of duty calls
Why should one hesitate;
For can a man die better
If fate should so decree,
Than for the starry emblem fair
That floats above the free?

Can ever a man die better
Than for a land so blest,
And in defense of her who holds
His baby at her breast;
To safeguard the old mother
Who held him on her knee,
Or to protect the maid he loves
In all her purity?

America, my country,

Land of my heart's delight,

My breast shall serve thee as a shield

Against oppression's might;

Nor can a man die better,
And win a nobler fame,
Till war shall cease and men in peace
Praise the Creator's name!

February, 1918

SERVICE STARS

WHERE Freedom's glorious avatars,
The Service Flags, are flung,
With pride we hail the unnumbered stars
Now into being sprung.

For every star denotes a lance
Which, on the infested sea,
Or on the imperiled fields of France,
Will bravely wielded be.

From staff and casement they illume Our Country's crucial hours, Foreshadowing the certain doom Of the Germanic powers!

March, 1918

IN RIGHTEOUSNESS AROUSED

THE flower of our manhood now
Is blue and khaki clad;
Upon the far-flung battle line
Our altars have been raised
To Liberty and Human Rights,
Democracy and Law;
The sacrificial offering
Increases day by day,
And the world beholds America
In righteousness aroused!

What matters now the things
We used to prize—the golden calf,
The frippery and the bauble,
Social dalliance and feasting,
And all the thousand vanities
We worshipped yesterday?
Let every energy be bent
To our God-given task—
To tear the talons from the Beast
That menaces the earth!

April, 1918

HIS INSTRUMENT

WITH a pillar of cloud by day

And a pillar of fire by night,

He guided Israel on its way

In the immemorial flight.

So God still leads the way

Of them that acknowledge His might,

For Justice is a pillar by day

And a pillar of fire is Right.

Now on their crusade sent,
America's brave sons
Are but His humble instrument
To overthrow the Huns.

And soon, despite his boasts,

The Kaiser and his horde,

Even as were Pharaoh's hosts,

Will be dealt with by the Lord.

June, 1918

WARILDA

"A N ambulance ship torpedoed!
One hundred and twenty-three killed!
All wounded soldiers, and nurses!" . . .
Will another medal be milled?
Will the captain be decorated
And the submarine crew be praised
By their high war-lord, the Kaiser,
While the world looks on amazed?

Long after the War is over
And America's task is done;
Long after the allied nations
Shall have dealt with the conquered Hun,
Symbolic forever and ever
Of a devilish deed of shame,
Along with the Lusitania
The world will remember the name
WARILDA!

August, 1918

SOME DAY HE WILL RETURN

SOME day he will return!—though not the same Remembered youth who dreamed these skies beneath,

But with the sheen of glory on his name

And on his brow the victor's laurel wreath!

And, lovingly, I'll clasp him to my heart,
Rejoicing with him that the War is won,
Rejoicing that we nevermore need part,
And thankful that the fearful task is done. . . .

Yet be thou steeled, my heart, for it may be
That 'mid the poppies he will softly sleep;
And God may grant me but his memory
Through lonely years while I my vigil keep.

So, lest I prove unworthy of his love—
Unfit to be the sire of such a son,
In faith and trust in Him who rules above,
My prayers arise, O Lord, Thy will be done!

September, 1918

O BELLS AND SIRENS

R ING out, wild bells! Let every siren sound The expected tidings to the country round! With clamorous tongue and many-throated voice, Call forth the people that they may rejoice!

Tell of an armistice; of regnant Right In fullest triumph over humbled Might; Of freedom's blessings for the whole world won Through the enforced surrender of the Hun.

But, lest by premature delirium Our nation should again be overcome, O Bells and Sirens, in the name of ruth, Await the issue and proclaim the truth!

November 8th, 1918

REFLECTIONS FOLLOWING THE ARMISTICE

THE agony is ended.

Our fearful task is done,

The long night dissipated

And the victory nobly won;

The Teuton, now, is suppliant,

Dreading the chastening rod . . .

And yet there are some people

Who say there is no God.

Stripped bare of pomp and power,
Down from his throne is hurled
The once puissant monarch
Who threatened all the world.
Self-exiled, seeking safety,
He flees his native sod . . .
And yet there are some people
Who say there is no God.

With the crimson flood's subsidence
And a righteous Peace in sight,
With the hand of Justice clutching
The cowering form of Might,

With the day of retribution

So surely come—'tis odd,

That any reasoning mortal

Should doubt there is a God!

November 12th, 1918

